

wish i were heather by alexwritesfiction

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Cuddling & Snuggling, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Hugs, Hurt/Comfort, M/M, Protective Mike Wheeler, S3, Sleepy Cuddles, Will Byers Loves Mike Wheeler, Will Byers Needs a Hug, can we play dnd now, dnd, friends - Freeform, friendship, stranger things, we also get a ted wheeler cameo

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Characters: Joyce Byers, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Will Byers & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

in which mike and will have an impromptu sleepover and it turns more than just friendly <3

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Author's Note:

hey y'all! im back with a byler fic this time! never thought i'd write one but tumblr mutuals make you do awesome things and now im in love with how soft this ship is. new otp alert <3 this was supposed to be complete fluff but whats it without a bit of angst? enjoy!

"Can we play DnD now?" Will asks for the umpteenth time as Mike took a bit of a pause from his rant. He was pretty bummed about how El had dumped him. What had he done wrong, he kept asking Will. Will The Wise, for the first time in forever, had nothing to say.

He'd wanted this forever, for them to be apart so that he could have his chance. But it broke him to see his best friend sad. He couldn't relish in joy while Mike suffered.

"Yeah, okay." Mike said distractedly, surprising the living lights out of Will. He'd expected to hear an annoyed "not yet".

He looked at Mike to confirm he hadn't heard something wrong, only to see Mike already pulling the game board from under the bed. Before he could even question how it had gotten there, a strong wind thundered outside their window. Mike dropped the game, cringing at the spilt contents on the floor. He was just reaching to pick them up when Joyce's voice filled the hallway.

"Boys, it looks like it's going to storm tonight," she said, concern etched on her face. It was clear she didn't want either of them going out.

Mike looked at Will, a smile on his face. This confused Will, he couldn't understand why Mike would be happy he wouldn't be able to go home tonight. As much as this made hope flutter in his heart, he crushed it down as a simple occurrence.

Will thought about his chances of staying over would be over if he'd

still been with El. He didn't hate El. He really didn't, but oh how envious he was of her. She had it all, the looks, the brains, the powers, Mike. Everything. Just for once, he wanted to see how it felt like to be her. He wished he was El, just to experience how it would be when everyone you loved, loves you back, counted you as important. He wanted to see how it felt to be in a relationship with Mike Wheeler, to be everything he wants.

"I can stay over tonight, if that's okay, Mrs. Byers?" Mike voiced out his request, now staring hopefully at Joyce who looked conflicted. She knew Karen, as reckless as she was, cared about Mike and Joyce didn't know if she'd be okay with the impromptu plan. She shook her thoughts away and focused on the two boys sitting on the bed with their board game yet to be played. d made will extremely sad.

Her lips curled into a genuine smile. She reminisced how long it'd been since things had almost gone back to normal and Will had finally been happy after a long time. Without thinking, she uttered a quick okay, but snapped back to reality when she heard a whoop from the curly haired boy.

Like always, Will expected Mike to leave. He'd stopped staying over at his house since some time, and made will extremely sad.

"Don't get too excited, I still need to call Karen," she shushed, taming them down, even though she knew he'd be staying over. The boys shrugged, grinning as they planned out their campaign. They knew she'd relent with enough sweet talk and reassurance.

Will eyed his Will The Wise costume beside his desk but dismissed it quickly. They were probably going to stop playing in just a little while. Will's mind debated with itself. On one hand, he was delirious that Mike had decided to stay over, but he didn't know if he'd able to stop himself from acting on his feeling for him. This night could either make him and Mike even closer, or taint their friendship, but nothing could lessen the extent of what he felt for Mike.

Joyce watched the boys for a moment, her gaze lingering a moment more on her son's nervous face which quickly fizzled into excitement when Mike shook him to show him the game. She'd known he had some feelings for the boy next to him, but she didn't want to ask him

about it. She could see he was extremely touchy about the topics, but she was internally happy that after a long time he was in a dilemma that was actually of his own age and not about a monster being his end.

She sighed softly, leaving the room and calling the Wheelers'. Five minutes later, she was about to knock on the boys' door when she heard deep laughing from the other side. She figured she'd let them be. She wrote out a note for them saying they could feast all they wanted from the snacks, and then slipped into a much needed peaceful slumber. She wasn't haunted by fear that night like always, but still she thought about a familiar bearded man who sacrificed himself for everything.

She still felt like he was alive, sometimes, like he was just there, trying to reach her. It was moments like these that Will knew to be there for his mother. After all, he knew very well how it was to feel like that.

"Do you want to set up another campaign?" Will asked roughly five hours later, as he slowly started to pack up the game. They'd played DnD late into the night and Mike could feel his eyes drooping heavily with sleep. He covered himself up in the stretched out part of Will's blanket up to his nose, so that only his eyes were visible. Will was wide awake, he didn't want to miss a single moment with Mike. Not when this was probably the only time he had Mike all to himself, even for just a while.

"No, I think I'm going to pass out," Mike groaned, facing the other side, away from Will. Will smiled at how adorable he looked, all wrapped up and about to sleep. A gentle smile spread on his as he quietly watched him. A few beats passed and Mike's eyes finally closed of their own accord, only to open a second later. His body jerked as he slowly sat up once again. Will frowned as Mike looked at him, and it was different. He looked at him with so much intensity it scared Will.

Mike still had the blanket wrapped around him as he stared into Will's eyes, biting his lip nervously. He heaved a breath and Will could barely keep his restraint from crushing Mike into his arms, but he didn't have to, because in the next two seconds, Mike had his arms

wrapped Will, enveloping him like he'd never want to let go. He buried his face into Will's neck and inhaled softly. Will was as still as a statue, not quite comprehending what just happened.

The warmth radiating off of Mike snapped him out of his trance and he hugged him back, with loose hands at first but as soon as he felt Mike's small smile on his neck, he returned the embrace with just as much force. He felt at home, they both did. It felt to Will as if heaven had come down to greet him as he barely helped himself from choking up. He rested his head softly against Mike's shoulder, his small frame completely lost in Mike's lanky posture.

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"For what I said that day in the rain. I didn't mean it. I'm sorry, Will. I shouldn't have- I shouldn't have pushed you away just because I found a girl. You were so right. I love her, but she could never make me feel the way you do. She'd never be the same as what your friendship means to me, Will." Mike uttered out in a small voice, as he realized just how true it were. Will was more precious to him than anyone. He'd always felt like he was Will's protective shield, and he loved being it. He loved how Will trusted him, how he could feel free

with him, everything.

“Mike-” he tried to say, but Mike cut him off.

“I missed you,” Mike said, almost breaking from the comfort he felt in that moment, finally saying the words he'd wanted to as soon as he'd stepped into Will's house. The force of his words shattered Will, and he drew in a shaky breath before retracting his arms from Mike's neck. Mike tensed, fearing he'd said something to push him away but relaxed into Will's touch as soon as he clutched his arms around Mike's torso, his head now gently resting just near his heart. It didn't feel awkward at all, rather just deepening the bond between them.

“I missed you too,” Will whispered into Mike's warmth and he barley caught it because of how inaudibly he spoke. His feeble voice showed how vulnerable he felt, as he held onto Mike for dear life.

They let a minute pass before Mike finally ended the hug, Will wanting for it to last forever. He reluctantly straightened up, giving Mike a small smile as he watched a large grin appear on his face. He looked at Will with pure adoration shining in his eyes.

He grabbed Will, bringing him in for one last hug that only lasted barely three seconds before pulling away and slowly compelling the smaller boy to sleep. He muttered a soft goodnight as he turned to the other side once again, making sure to leave half of the blanket for Will.

Will chuckled, shaking his head as he watched him sleep. In no time, soft snores escaped Mike, making Will smile at how much he felt comfortable with him. He observed Mike's sleeping form. How his chest rose and fell gently, how there was a crease between his eyebrows, how his lips were in a pout, how his cheeks were a little more chubby, how he looked like an angel resting.

He slid down beside him, wrapping himself in the rest of the blanket. He closed his eyes for a second as if to gain confidence. Without thinking, he intertwined his hand between Mike's side and his hand resting on his side, so that now he has circling his waist, impossibly close. Will's eyes snapped towards Mike's face to see if the sudden action had woken him up. His heart melted with cuteness and relief

as Mike slept just as heavy.

Will dared to do something he'd longed to do, feeling brave. He pulled Mike close so that his face was less than a centimetre away from his curls, his body pressed up against Mike's back. His hand tightened its grip on Mike, but careful to not hurt him. His legs tangled with Mike's under the warm blanket. He never would have thought in a million years that he'd get to be big spoon with Mike, that he'd get to caress his cheek like he was now.

He couldn't quit describe how he was feeling, just that it was something that he never wanted to stop. He finally felt like he belonged, right there cuddled up to Mike. He felt loved, he felt comfortable in his own skin, with Mike. And he couldn't be more grateful.

Author's Note:

how you like that? i hope i didn't go too overboard.
all feedback is appreciated :) im on tumblr, come say
hi! @aligned-stars-writing
THANKS FOR READING!